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EDITORIAL AND PUBLICATION OFFICE
WINTHROP, IOWA

THOSE PEN-AND-INK DRAWINGS

By EARNEST W. STEFFEN

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
(With drawings by the author)

Certain pen-and-ink drawings of birds have appeared in this magazine from time to time. In making these drawings for "Iowa Bird Life" I have derived great pleasure and satisfaction; if they have somewhat enhanced the magazines, I am indeed very much pleased. It appears now that there is some curiosity as to the technique involved in producing such drawings—how they are made and so on. That is the excuse for this little article.

In the first place, I might remark that expression in pen and ink is not easy. It comes normally after an artist has become more or less proficient in every other medium. The implements of this type of art are black India ink, a small crowquill pen for fine line-work, a larger pen for broader strokes, and a small brush.



EARNEST W. STEFFEN
Cedar Rapids school teacher and
bird artist

The nature of the ink alone makes expression in this medium difficult. Deep shades and shadows may easily be secured with a bold application of ink; highlights may be secured with equal ease by leaving the paper untouched. But intermediate shades may only be executed by careful line-work. Herein lies the difficulty. With pencil, for instance, it is easy to execute intermediate shades by merely lessening or increasing pressure on the pencil, but with pen and ink that type of technique is impossible. It has to be line-work and careful line work. Unskilled or careless line-work may easily ruin any drawing that has begun with promise. Thus, back of each pen-and-ink drawing, however simple it may appear, there is hour upon hour of practice and intense application for perhaps years before a mature drawing can at last be produced. I have spent, goodness knows how many, hours in practice with pencil as well as pen and ink merely to gain control of line—to be able to put a line where it should be or to be able to place a series of lines where they belong.

Before one can even think of drawing a bird sketch he must have a proper art training. He must know the rudiments of art and he must, above all, have an ability to draw well. To my way of thinking, there is no excuse for poor drawing in a picture, especially a bird picture. It must look like what it is supposed to be.

Next, one should understand composition of and balance in a picture. He must have the ability to evaluate the part that shades, shadows, and highlights play in the final drawing. The artist must know when the preliminary draft is right and has appeal. He must know when it expresses what he wishes to portray.

Finally, one should have a speaking acquaintance with perspective. It is no easy task to represent perspective or, if you prefer, depth or third dimension, on a flat surface. One must somehow present an optical illusion. Fortunate is the artist who can acquire that skill. Without this quality a drawing is amateurish; with it the drawing is mature. It has appeal.

Up to this point I have considered only the artist in general. A bird artist faces a few additional requirements. Quite obviously before an artist can qualify as a bird artist he must be able truthfully to represent birds in a picture. He must know birds. A casual acquaintance is not sufficient. He preferably should have years of careful observation of birds in the field, so he may know how each bird looks in its normal activities. Just as important is a knowledge of the structure of birds, the feather pattern or topography, all the little individual peculiarities of birds both in feather pattern and in pose. Besides it is well to know something about the habitat of the birds to be sketched, if there is to be any background.

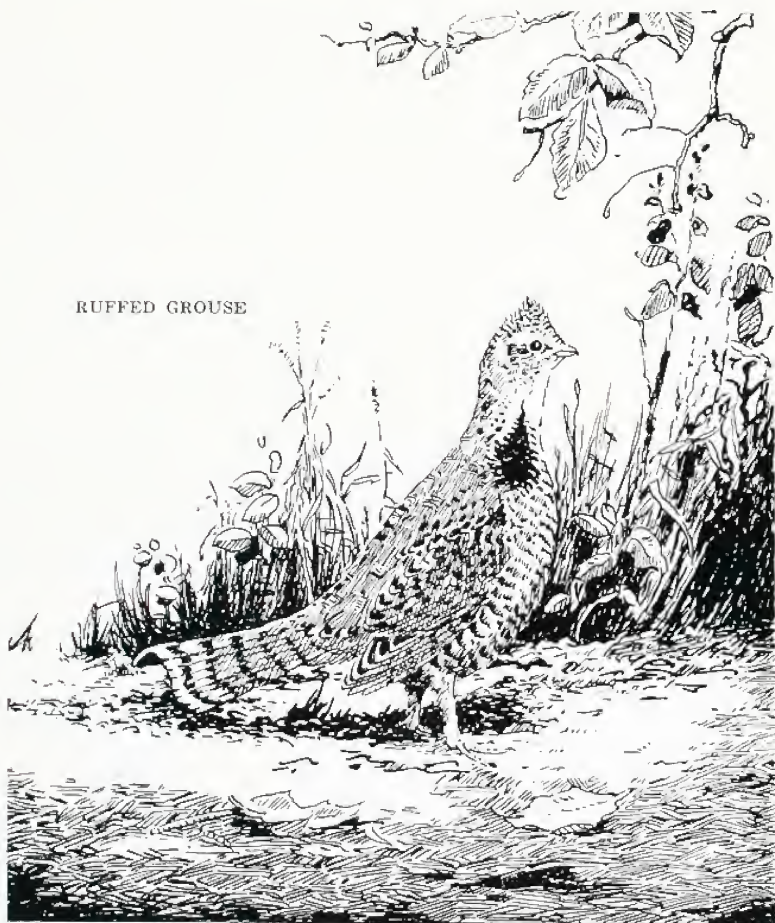
Now, having had a complete training in art and a thorough apprenticeship in bird observation, the individual is ready to do his pen-and-ink drawing. I first make a pencil sketch of the bird, making such corrections and alterations that I find necessary. Sometimes the first draft of the bird is satisfactory, sometimes it is not. If it is not satisfactory further study is necessary. Even then a drawing may not turn out right, in which case it might just as well be thrown away. I have never been able to determine how much of a picture is inspiration and how much is plain work. Perhaps inspiration does not enter into it at all. I do know, however, that drawing a bird picture goes better when one feels right, and I do know that some drawings turn out very well and others are failures. I seldom make a complete drawing in pencil in order to study and correct composition and balance, as I formerly did. As I have gained in experience I can cut corners. And as I have gained in experience I have gained in imagination and in the ability to visualize the picture as a whole.

When the pencil sketch of the bird is satisfactory, I may do one of two things. If I have visualized the background completely and have determined where the deep darks and the highlights and secondary lights shall be to secure balance, I may ink in the background first. If I have not done this, I shall complete the bird in ink and trust to luck or inspiration to guide me on the background. Artists use the term "feeling" very often. Perhaps in this latter case I shall wait until a proper "feeling" for the background develops.

We aren't through yet, however. While I am applying ink to the drawing I must strive for those unexplainable elusive qualities which make a picture outstanding. I mean crispness in the texture of the drawing. I mean also that property which shall stimulate imagination or satisfaction



HOODED MERGANSER



RUFFED GROUSE

in the observer. And I mean grace and harmony and the qualities which shall foster appeal. These elusive properties determine more than anything else the quality of a picture.

Finally, when I have applied the ink to the best of my ability, I have a picture. If the composition is correct and the balance is right, if the shades and shadows, the highlights and secondary lights are properly placed, if I have remembered the source and direction of the light, if the perspective is correct in the background and the bird has third dimension, if the picture is correct ornithologically, if I have had good luck with the elusive qualities, and if we shall assume that we are not of the school that rewards mediocrity or less, I shall have a picture of great merit. But all of this is well nigh impossible. The human element involved is too unreliable and fickle. Few artists can remember all the things they should do, nor can they execute with masterly ability everything that is necessary. The picture unfortunately will probably be only mediocre. So many pictures, due to an artist's inability to attain the heights of artistic perfection, are relegated to oblivion; so few, standing the test of time, become masterpieces.



LONG-EARED OWL

RECENT CHANGES IN DAVENPORT BIRD LIFE

By JAMES HODGES
DAVENPORT, IOWA

For the past three years I have been editing a series of bird field notes kept by an observer over a half-century ago, Burtis H. Wilson. During the course of this work it became obvious that tremendous changes have taken place in the relative abundance and status of many birds during a period of 50 years. And after an examination of my own records, I became aware of the important changes that have taken place in my own study area during the last decade. This introduction, then, gives me an opportunity to define the topic of this paper.

"Recent changes" refer in a general way from the year 1940 up to the present time. "Davenport" has reference to an area of 50 miles radius centering Davenport and including Scott, Muscatine, Clinton, and Jackson Counties on the Iowa side, as well as the opposite counties in Illinois on the east side of the Mississippi River.

One of the prime factors that determines the relative abundance of any species in a given area is the amount of or type of habitat that each family or species requires. The patches of weeds, tangles of vines and shrubs, and small undisturbed plots of grounds, became almost a thing of the past with the World War II "victory gardens." During the last ten years, in the area of Davenport alone, there has been a rapid expansion in home-building, which means that the little stands of virgin or second-growth timber throughout the city have disappeared in the rush of building construction. It is significant to note that the census areas of my Christmas bird counts ten years ago,

today are covered with homes, with the possible exception of a cemetery and a public park. But in spite of these changes in habitat, some birds have increased while others have decreased.

Because the wide scope of the topic precludes a full consideration, I would like to consider only the breeding birds of the study area.

The American Egret needs only passing mention for it has probably received more publicity during the last ten years than any other native non-game species. Its increase in this area has been recorded in some detail in such journals as *Iowa Bird Life*, *Proceedings of Iowa Academy of Science*, and *Bulletin of The Illinois Audubon Society*. I am delighted to report that the first males of a colony located about 2 miles downstream from Rock Island, Illinois, returned on April 5, 1953. As one drives in either direction on the Mississippi River during the summer, it appears that some Mississippi islands are supporting a few nesting pairs of this species. Ten years ago it was a thrill, indeed, to see one or two birds during the migrations.

In spite of the fact that many swampy and marshy areas are being drained for agricultural purposes, such typical marsh birds as the King Rail, Sora Rail, American and Least Bitterns are common summer residents in the vicinity of Fruitland, Iowa. Fruitland is located in Muscatine County (about 35 miles down river from Davenport) and from an ornithological point of view it is fascinating. It is as though one had moved into an entirely new biota. Kingbirds, Grasshopper Sparrows, Cedar Waxwings are very common during the nesting season. Along the majority of the country roads are cat-tail marshes which are alive with King and Sora Rails, both species of Bitterns and Marsh Wrens plus the usual abundance of Red-winged Blackbirds.

Two species of the open prairies have re-established themselves. Less common is the Upland Plover, which has been found nesting in eight different areas in Scott County during the last five years. One can return to these same areas and always find a few pairs nesting. Fifty years ago they were rather common nesters, but they declined very rapidly beginning in about 1935. It is good to note that they seem to increase in number each nesting season. The other species is the Western Meadowlark. From all indications this apparently is a new-comer to the vicinity. Each year they increase in number until in some stations they are as common as the Eastern bird or even more common. These two species present a fine subject for an exhaustive life history study, since one often hears the same individual bird render both the Eastern and Western songs to perfection! I have had several ornithologists from California write me that they were convinced we do not have the "true" Western bird. I have recorded both songs on tape and am willing to send them to western students for their comments.

The House Wren presents a problem. Each year it becomes more abundant. It is good food for thought to re-read the work done on this species by the late Miss Althea Sherman of National, Iowa. This species has become so abundant there apparently are no longer enough bird houses to go around, so they are returning to their original nesting habitat in the woods. There is an island in the Mississippi River (Credit Island) on which I have been conducting a breeding-bird census for a decade. The House Wrens were not common there until five years ago, when there was a sudden breeding influx which has continued up to the present time. The other nesting birds on the island were reduced in numbers, and the cavity-nesters such as Bluebirds, woodpeckers, nuthatches, seemed to be especially affected. During the last two years a total of 75 bird houses (intended in size specifications for Bluebirds) were erected. During these two years only one pair

of Bluebirds were able to nest, the remainder of the boxes being occupied by House Wrens. One pair of wrens took over a Wood Duck box and raised two broods.

This in a general way sums up some of the more obvious increases in the local avifauna. Let us consider some of those that have been considerably reduced in number. The following species were at one time common breeding birds, but at the present time are irregular and uncommon: Wood Thrush, Bell's Vireo, Ovenbird, Bobolink, Cowbird, Summer Tanager, Whip-poor-will, Ruby-throated Hummingbird, Eastern Phoebe, and the flycatchers in general.



A NESTFUL OF YOUNG PHOEBES

From a drawing by Althea R. Sherman, reprinted from "Birds of an Iowa Dooryard", through courtesy of the publishers, the Christopher Publishing House, Boston, Mass.

To attempt to postulate all the factors involved in the reduction of these species would be a difficult task at the present time. I do not have enough evidence from which to draw definite conclusions.

The low brush, shrubs, and clumps of vines have entirely disappeared from many places, and with them the Wood Thrush and Bell's Vireo. The Oven-bird, Summer Tanager, and Whip-poor-will are no longer found in the places where they were common years before. In a few localities the habitat appears to be undisturbed.

The Ruby-throated Hummingbird at one time was a common occupant of the flower garden; in the gardens of a local florist the birds were very common. In my recent experience the hummingbird is rare and irregular. In the above-mentioned florist's garden of several acres of flowers, the hummingbirds would number several dozen just before dusk. Now only from three to five birds can be found.

The Bobolink has a most peculiar distribution. According to published records of a half-century ago, there was one particular place along Duck Creek in Scott County where this species was very common. Today, in that exact spot, they are still common. They seem to be of very erratic distribution, and they can always be found in that area each year. But they are far from being common even in sites which appear to be undisturbed and perfect habitat for this species.

Among the Cowbirds and flycatchers in general, I noticed a very sharp decline in the years when the insecticide DDT was receiving so much publicity and use. Before this time the Cowbird could always be found in flocks in rural areas; now they are few and far between. The flycatchers are still with us, but they are found, for the most part, in areas somewhat removed from human habitation. The Eastern Phoebe is an interesting problem in itself. For years I have made it a habit to examine every bridge that I cross, thus making a special search for the Phoebe. Almost every bridge formerly had its Phoebe nest. Where they were always found in the past, they are now absent. In every 100 bridges (wood, cement, or metal) 75 percent would have a nesting pair of Phoebes. During the past three years the number would be about 5 percent. Formerly I banded considerable numbers of Phoebes, but my minute examination of bridges in the present day produces only an occasional Phoebe nest.

THE FALL MEETING

Backbone State Park, near Strawberry Point, was the meeting place for the seventh annual fall gathering of the Iowa Ornithologists' Union, Sunday, September 20. Members and friends met at noon for a picnic dinner in the wooded area near the Auditorium, well separated from the many picnickers in other parts of the park.

It turned out to be a beautiful day after a few local, scattered showers earlier in the morning. However, it was cool and windy. The meeting was most informal. There was ample time for visiting with seldom-seen friends, for birding, and for seeing the various attractions and beauties of the park. Highlight of the day in birding was watching the migration of hawks high up among the fluffy, white clouds against a deep blue sky.

Members left for their respective homes at an early hour while a few remained to have supper with the Crossleys, who were hosts for the occasion. So another happy meeting as we birders experienced it came to an end.—
MRS. GEO. CROSSLEY.



LUNCHTIME AT OUR FALL MEETING IN BACKBONE STATE PARK

Photograph by Fred W. Kent

Attendance Register.—AMES, Dr. and Mrs. Geo. Hendrickson, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Kozicky, Sarah, Frank, and Charles; BURLINGTON, Louise and Gertrude Blaufuss; CEDAR FALLS, Ann Adkins, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Baker, Verna Davis, Lola Deal, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Dempster, Margaret Dorweiler, Myrtle Gaffin, Mr. and Mrs. James McGivern and John, Mr. and Mrs. Oren Paine, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schwanke, Marguerite Vodicka, Jay Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Tay, Elizabeth Warttman; CEDAR RAPIDS, Lavina Dragoo, Lillian Serbousek, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Steffen, Myra Willis; DAVENPORT, Norwood Hazard, Mr. and Mrs. Pete C. Petersen, Peter, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Swain and Betty; DES MOINES, A. C. Berkowitz, Woodward Brown; DUBUQUE, C. O. Johnson, Robert Johnson; FARLEY, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Crossley, Jesse Crossley, Mrs. Ula Gibbs; IOWA CITY, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kent, Dr. and Mrs. Peter Laude; MT. VERNON, Dr. J. Harold Ennis, Mrs. Bessie Scobey, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Strickland; MUSCATINE, Dorothy Marcue; POSTVILLE, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Palas, Fritz Palas; STATE CENTER, Mrs. Darwin Hilleman; WATERLOO, Verna Adney, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bickal, Mrs. Augusta Burk, Myrle M. Burk, Lynn Burk, Helen Hawkins, Ettalee Hazlett, Mr. and Mrs. Seaton Moon, Roger and Thomas Moon, Leora Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Pitts, Pearl Rader, Marguerite Reese; WHEATLAND, C. Esther Copp; WINTHROP, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pierce, Mrs. J. M. Pierce; OMAHA, NEBR., Maxine Schwanke. Total registered, 85.

ARE OUR SMALL SONG-BIRDS DOOMED?

By WILLIAM YOUNG WORTH
SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Our present civilization with its millions of automobiles, wires and more wires, and the very necessary trend for food and more food for millions of more people, seems to be moving toward one ultimate result—the destruction of most of our gentler, more inoffensive song-birds.

Anyone who has driven an automobile as extensively as the writer in the past 30 years, must share my views that the modern auto is the most murderous weapon under the heavens in snuffing out the lives of wild birds and animals. One cannot help but note that the beautiful Red-headed Woodpecker is fast going the way of the Ivory-billed Woodpecker, mainly because it is the victim of the speeding automobile. Kingbirds are also accident victims when near the highways, and the list would probably include every species of bird found in the United States.

Wires, wires—everywhere you look in our modern America there are wires to lop off the heads of unsuspecting birds. Telephone and electric wires are regular death traps near waterfowl nesting areas. The writer has often seen waterfowl which had hit wires at such speed they literally wrapped their necks around the wires several times. Their mute, suspended bodies often meant another set of eggs would never be hatched. The new television era means millions of guy-wires to support the antenna towers. One has only to watch at dusk to see a new weapon snuff out the lives of our song-birds. Birds don't have a built-in radar system like the bats to warn them of the stout wire ahead; the toll in maimed birds must be high. Many times I have watched the homeward-bound Robin dodge sudden death. How many times when I wasn't watching did they strike the wires? That scene is enacted over the whole country every summer evening. Even the ground-hugging barbed wire is a heavy toll-taker in the lives of prairie loving birds. (See my sample report on "Barbed Wire, a Peril to Meadowlarks," Nebraska Bird Review, January-June issue, 1948.)

The very essence of our intensive agricultural system will be the destruction of many of our gentle little song-birds. When the balance of nature is upset, the bolder forge ahead, and in this case it is the Bronzed Grackle, the Starling, the Crow, and we should even include the English Sparrow. As far back as June, 1926, the late Dr. Thomas S. Roberts rated the Grackle as the most abundant bird, with the exception of the Red-winged Blackbird, in the farm lands of Minnesota. It can all be laid to the present system of extensive farming. This species has thrived and as it has done so, the small song-birds have decreased in proportion. Eggs and young of all small species are the prey of this murderous bird. The span of life of a small bird is but a season or two on the average, and if they miss bringing off a brood every year, they are doomed. The Grackle is threatening the very existence of many of these species. Grackles take fiendish delight in pounding young English Sparrows into insensibility, then tearing them limb from limb, and feeding them to their ugly, garrulous young. We sometimes see this grisly episode nearly every day, perhaps because we have more English Sparrows. Whenever we see the act being perpetrated on one of our songbirds, we usually use drastic measures to put the Grackle out of the trouble-making category.

One day during early June of 1953, a mother White-breasted Nuthatch brought her newly-fledged brood to the yard. Immediately a pair of Grackles appeared and attacked the poor, defenseless young. After a few sledgehammer blows the nuthatches were helpless and lying on their backs. Only two of the brood escaped, and then only with our help. The rest had died before they had had a chance to enjoy life (surely a small song-bird does enjoy life even though his respite on earth is brief). Enactment of the above scene goes on every day, and each year the bird list grows smaller as we make our field trips.

For a long time it did not dawn on us that the Grackle, Crow and Starling—the small-bird murderers three—were causing us to fail to list species after species, or just rarely. We knew the sight was dimming,—the ear straining to catch high-pitched warbler songs,—and the step wooden, long since having lost the spring of youth; but we also knew we had had 30 years of the finest field experience, guided by the hands of Iowa's best—namely T. C. Stephens, Phil DuMont, Wesley Kubichek, Charles Spiker, Walter Bennett and others. In spite of abundant experience, our daily lists were something that would shame a rank amateur 30 years ago. The answer is the work of the unholy triumvirate of birds mentioned above.

Modern farming has other harmful effects on bird life. It has never been disproved that crop and insect spraying do not harm song-birds. There is no doubt that many birds die from eating poisoned insects or perhaps even die from coming in contact with poisoned vegetation. A careful observer, C. S. Fitzsimmons of Sibley, Iowa, wrote me on September 4, 1951, that the Rose-breasted Grosbeak had been completely absent from that area for the three preceding years. His query was, did I think the crop and insect spraying was killing the grosbeak? His question was certainly part of the answer.

If it were for lack of field trips, I would say that was the answer; but in the last three years the writer has been more active in the field on actual collecting trips than for 20 years, and the results are anything but encouraging. William R. Felton, Jr., and I have been on collecting trips during the entire migration season for the last three years—several times a week, several hours to a trip, and over various types of terrain. It was only by vigorous effort that we made any records at all. For many species we didn't even have sight records.

I hesitate to mention too many dates, but two of the vireos are good examples of scarcity during migration. From 1928 to 1933 I considered the Blue-headed Vireo a regular migrant, with 13 spring dates and one fall date during those years. One was seen May 21, 1935, and then not again until May 20, 1945; subsequent spring dates are May 10, 1946, and May 12, 1952. The case is about the same for the Yellow-throated Vireo. From 1928 to 1934, I had six spring migration records. None was seen again until May 4, 1941, and May 12, 20, 1945; none since. The same scarcity could be shown for species after species of small birds.

All bird watchers are familiar with the case to the Eastern Bluebird, and all know that its sadly depleted numbers will never be recouped. I cannot refrain from giving a few figures to further point out our doomed song-birds. From 1926 to 1934, the Bluebird was not uncommon at Sioux City and I have 82 records. From 1934 to 1952 I have only 19 records. Hearing or seeing a Bluebird in Sioux City nowadays really gives a person a lift—it's just like seeing an old friend.

How is the Grackle problem to be handled, and what is to be done to keep a few song-birds with us, at least in our own yards? The problem is hopeless on a big scale, as the Grackle hordes run into the millions. The E. A. Emerys, nationally known iris hybridizers and growers of Sioux City, solve the problem as T. S. Roberts suggested in "Birds of Minnesota": let the grackles nest and lay their eggs, then destroy the nest. This usually discourages the birds and they leave. Their premises are fairly free of Grackles until they bring back a brood raised somewhere else. I feel that city ordinances should be amended so that we could legally shoot the old birds when they appear in city yards. This would help to keep the local birds under control. Out on the farm lands it is almost hopeless.

FROM THE OBSERVER'S NOTE BOOK

By WILLIAM YOUNG WORTH
SIOUX CITY, IOWA

MULTIFLORA ROSE AS ROBIN FOOD

Seventeen years ago I planted a lone multiflora rose bush in our yard. This bush has since grown to some size and seems perfectly hardy in this area. It blossoms each year with its hundreds of small white flowers, and each fall it is loaded with fruit. On March 22, 1952, we had a 10-inch fall of snow and heavy drifting, which covered up most of the available Robin food. It was then that the multiflora rose came into its own as a permanent bird feeder. The hundreds of soft red rose hips on our bush were greedily eaten by the Robins until they were all gone. Nearby coralberry bushes were still heavy with shrivelled fruit, but the Robins ignored them and feasted on the rose hips. They also ate great quantities of snow after each meal of the above food, much in the manner of Cedar Waxwings.

THE FLIGHT SONG OF THE INDIGO BUNTING

Going through the literature on birds of the Missouri Valley, little can be found on the flight song of the Indigo Bunting. About the only reference that this bird even gives a flight song, is one sentence in Roberts' "Birds of Minnesota": "Occasionally the male indulges in a flight song, in which the notes are more rapid and gushing".

During the course of the summer I hear the normal song of the Indigo Bunting dozens of times, yes hundreds of times, but I am not often privileged to hear and see the flight song. From my own findings, I have about decided that the Indigo Bunting gives two kinds of flight song. The first and more common is given while in full flight, similar to a Rose-breasted Grosbeak;

in this the regular song is given as the bird flies along. To my ear, in this performance the song differs little from the song given all day long from some favorite perch. The second flight song has caused me more than once to look for a Goldfinch giving his flight song, but instead I see the pretty performance of a male Indigo Bunting. In this flight song the bunting usually comes in rather high, and with spread tail and wings spread fan-shaped the little songster floats down toward a perch, all the while delivering a beautiful, rolling, ringing warble, very similar to the Goldfinch's song. Possibly I should say it resembles parts of a caged Canary's song, if I may carry it that far. In any event, it is a delightful bit of variation in the usual rather sweet but almost monotonous song of one of our most beautiful summer birds.

NATURE CARES FOR HER OWN

A little investigation revealed that an old, weather-beaten Jonathan apple tree in the yard next door had been planted about 45 years ago. The writer has been observing the tree for the past 30 years. It is a misshapen product of nature, but has a stout heart, as it withstood the 11-degree below zero temperatures of the Armistice Day freeze of 1940, while the newer grafted Delicious apple trees in neighboring yards froze to the core, never to bear again.

Year in and out, this old tree has produced its crop of small, wormy apples. It has never known the blowing mist from a pest sprayer, and probably never will. Usually the neighborhood children raid the tree early and few of the fruit are left by freeze-up time. In 1951 the abundant crop was more wormy than ever due to excess rainfall, and the children never bothered it after the first raid. The family who owned the tree sold the home and moved away early in the fall. The apples hung on the tree and progressively grew a deeper shade of red with each passing frost. Finally winter was upon us, and the forlorn apple tree still carried a heavy crop of now shriveling and brown fruit.

The last days of February, 1952, brought the first migrating Robins. On the first of March the weather changed and we had snow and below-zero temperatures. The grain we put out was not relished by the Robins, and they would take only a little of the suet, but how they went for the frozen apples on the old tree! There was not a time during the daylight hours that Robins weren't gorging themselves. As they gradually cleaned off the tree, they began to glean from the ground where they had knocked many apples. By March 9 the apple crop was about gone. But the weather was also breaking and with the snow melting, Nature would provide her children with other kinds of food.

A COMMON MISTAKE

My biggest worry when going pheasant hunting with the boys, all of whom are experienced hunters, isn't about gun safety or the bag limit of the sinewy-legged, multicolored imports. My worry is about the number of hawks and owls which may be killed during the afternoon's hunt. Over the years even the most unobservant person cannot have failed to notice the decrease in the numbers of hawks and owls. The writer has sorrowed at this declining trend in the numbers of these most interesting birds of prey. Countless times he has shouted out, much to the annoyance of some of the gang, to spare that good hawk or that good owl!

Most hunters seem to have an inherent dislike for all hawks and owls, and when they flush one they shoot instinctively. It is a trait that is hard to overcome, and for most hunters it is never overcome. Most boys who hunt for the first time are inclined to shoot at anything that moves. Although many of us had learned about good and bad hawks in our Boy Scout work, we would still shoot a hawk on sight. A few of us go into bird work

more intensively. We learn the difference between the good and bad hawks by sight and we know when to shoot and when not to shoot.

As a teen-ager I had the hawk situation graphically explained to me. The accompanying photograph shows my own lack of knowledge of hawks at one period of my life.

During the summers of 1923 and 1925, I had the extreme pleasure of living on a mountain homestead in the Casper Mountains of Wyoming, which are an extension of the Laramie Range. Here, at an altitude 8,000 feet, I lived in a nice log cabin on the homestead of the late Mrs. A. C. Hoskins and her son, the late Cedric Hoskins, former manager of the Sioux City Airport.

My work consisted of a little fencing, as required by law for improving a homestead, plenty of wood-chopping for the stove, and also plenty of time for trout fishing. A trout stream began right in front of the cabin. This

fishing of course led to a lot of bird work on the side.



WILLIAM YOUNG WORTH
HOLDING WESTERN
RED-TAILED HAWK

Mrs. Hoskins liked fresh eggs for her cooking. (She was an expert cook and had published several cook books.) We had a few laying hens, for which I had built a small log chicken house. The hens began to disappear and we blamed a large, lazy-flying Red-tailed Hawk which was always circling overhead. One day I shot the Red-tail as he alighted in a treetop (I am proudly holding it in the picture). The hens continued to disappear, however. Shortly after this, while on a trout-fishing trip below the house, I flushed a big Western Goshawk from his prey, a freshly-killed Blue Grouse. I knew then that here was the killer of the biddies and that the harmless Red-tail had been wantonly killed by me without the slightest bit of proof that he was a killer at all.

The swift slashing attacks of the Goshawk and his smaller cohorts, the Cooper's Hawk and the Sharp-shinned Hawk, often go unnoticed by the poultry raiser. The slow-flying Red-tailed or Swainson's Hawks are usually blamed for any poultry losses. These latter hawks are promptly shot, with the result that more gophers will be around than ever and the chickens will continue to vanish.

HOARDING BY JAYS

One of the most interesting facets of bird work is comparing one's notes with what others have published on the subject. When the observation is one that has been rarely noted by others, the bird watcher feels well paid for his time, and he sets it down in memory along with the days when he has seen a new species of bird—something always to be remembered with pleasure.

The food-storing Blue Jay, which we observed in our back yard on the morning of November 15, 1952, was one of these rare sights. The bird flew

down to a low, grassy bank, deposited a morsel of food, then picked up leaves at random near by, and proceeded to cover the food. Two leaves from an Early Richmond cherry tree and four large Carolina poplar leaves were picked up by the Jay and carefully placed over the food. When the bird flew off, I immediately went to the spot, moved the leaves and found a blackened piece of rancid suet.

Blue Jays are noted as hoarders of food—food which often carries them through a long, bitter winter. Their usual, reliable store houses are holes in trees, posts and other handy spots. In going through the literature in dozens of sources, I could find only one mention of leaves being used to cover food. This one case is the observation of Horace W. O'Connor, as quoted in Forbush's "Birds of Massachusetts and other New England States", volume 2, page 382. He states the jay pushed the food into a hole in the rough bark of a tree, then dropped to the ground, picked up a leaf and pounded it into the hole. The wind blew the first leaf away. The jay picked up a second, smaller leaf and succeeded in packing it firmly into the hole, covering up the food.

CHICKADEE COMPANIONSHIP

George J. Wallace published a fine article on winter studies of color-banded Chickadees in "Bird-Banding," Vol. 12, 1941, pp. 49-67. In going over a portion of that article, I picked out a passage stating that winter flocks "are remarkably constant in individual composition, the same individuals remaining together day after day through the winter, and, as far as survival permits, winter after winter."

I assume that by mid-September the family groups of Chickadees are broken up and the winter groups are formed. On September 21, 1953, two Black-capped Chickadees came into the backyard to investigate the water being thrown by a rapidly spinning sprinkler. One of the birds apparently misjudged the nearness of the spinning metal and was struck a glancing blow, which threw it several feet from the sprinkler and head downward into a puddle of water. By the time I could retrieve the bird it was nearly dead. I tried to revive it and dry it off, but it subsequently died.

The second Chickadee stayed beside the sprinkler and in a nearby tree, flitting around and constantly giving the little lisping call or the flock call. I thought this calling would be temporary and the second bird would soon go away. The little accident happened at about 4 p.m., and as the second bird kept on calling, I decided to watch it out. At no time did the Chickadee get more than 50 feet from the sprinkler, and it called continually as it fed. It was nearly 6:30 p.m. and twilight was falling when the second Chickadee gave up and left. This little episode proved to me that companionship among fall groups of Chickadees is deep-seated and instinctive. It also proved that Mr. Wallace knew well of what he wrote.

GENERAL NOTES

Experiences with Shore-birds.—During mid-September, 1953, I had a very interesting time with shore-birds at Minnesota Point in Duluth. There are a great many sandy straits along the shore of the bay where the ore boats come in, and there is much tall grass which makes it fairly easy to creep up very close to the sandpipers. One day was unusually good, and I found the birds quite tame. Some of the sandpipers were dozing on rocks, driftwood or sand, others were running along the shore and feeding. I had very good views of Baird's, Least and Semipalmated Sandpipers, and Sanderlings. There was one group of three Stilts; they were very tame and allowed me to study them closely. One day I followed a small group of Baird's and Semipalmated along the shores of Lake Superior. I pursued the birds for some distance and they stayed a certain distance ahead of me, but near enough so that I could

see them well. Sometimes they would "freeze" where they were and watch me intently. Other times the Baird's would snuggle down among the driftwood while the Semipalmateds would find small depressions in the sand. Often the larger Baird's would send the Semipalmateds scattering. It was amusing to watch the birds jump and fly when an especially large wave would catch them.

After ending the second day of the hawk count with the Duluth Bird Club, I returned to Minnesota Point late in the afternoon. I found a large group of shore-birds and they didn't seem to mind the waves, which were huge after a day of strong winds. Golden Plovers in fall plumage and Sanderlings in their very white suits were most numerous, but Least and White-rumped Sandpipers were also present. Best of all, I saw my first Ruddy Turnstone, which was not too colorful in fall plumage, but gave me a great thrill, nevertheless. I stayed with the shore-birds till almost dark. They insisted on returning to this strip of beach in spite of numerous disturbances. No doubt the waves wash in a good supply of food on windy days.—RUSSELL M. HAYS, Waterloo, Iowa.

A Sight Record of the Anhinga in Fremont County.—On October 18, 1953, an Anhinga was seen at a small impounding reservoir near Riverton, approximately 3 miles southeast of the intersection of Highways U.S. 275 and Iowa 2 (west of the town of Riverton and west of Nishnabotna River on Highway 42, then south approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles). The bird was seen sitting on a snag on the bank of the reservoir, preening itself and allowing careful study. It was a very dark bird, length about 3 feet, with very long, serpentine neck; head and neck plain dusky brown; wings banded and spotted with gray, long and pointed; back and long, fan-like tail, plain black, tail edged with white; short legs. We were fascinated by the unusual movement of the neck. Mr. Collins and I, with our seven-year-old daughter, Nancy, spotted the rare visitor on October 18. Next day, October 19, Mrs. Robert Bordner and daughter, Mrs. F. M. Braley, of Shenandoah, saw the bird at the same location and verified our identification. They reported seeing the Water Turkey dive and swim with only the head and neck showing; they also heard its call, which was not unlike the grunt of a pig.

We made several trips to see the Anhinga between the date that we first saw it, October 18, and October 31. We were able to observe the bird for long periods; it accommodated us by sitting still and giving us the "eye", while it croaked or moaned from time to time—whatever the mumbling of its notes could be called. We saw it fly, dive into the water, disappear from view, to come up on the opposite shore and climb out of the water on a partly submerged limb; then fly to a bare branch in the center of the pond and preen vigorously, with the large black wings fully extended and back exposed to the sun. We also got a good view of the webbed feet. It would make its call when alarmed or even slightly disturbed—repeated it several times then relaxed. It doubled its neck in an S-shape, with head and foreneck resting on the lower S-curve. It could turn its head in any direction with no effort. One Sunday we watched the bird undisturbed for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The coloring on the wings with grayish-white patches was really quite attractive.

The reservoir where the Anhinga was found has been stocked with fish by the owners of the adjacent land, which is posted. The dam has raised the water level, engulfing and drowning large trees along the two original shore lines. This created a small area with an environment of dead trees akin to the more natural swamp areas.—MRS. WILLIAM H. COLLINS, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Arctic Towhee near Grundy Center.—On the morning of September 28, 1953, I saw a spotted Arctic Towhee at my feeding station. It was within 10 feet of the window and all markings were very carefully observed. It was also seen by Mrs. John Barlow, George Faulkner and Dr. Robertson of Waterloo, and by Mrs. Clarence Schultz and Mrs. Wallace Norman of Grundy Center. It stayed several days and was at the feeding station the greater part of every day, always at the close range of 10 feet or less. Its numerous spots were a very light tan in color. The sides were robin-red instead of the brighter, more conspicuous sides of the Red-eyed Towhee.—MRS. J. RAY KING, Grundy Center, Iowa.

We Return to the Kalsow Prairie.—Our last visit to the Kalsow Prairie was on September 18, 1951, and at that time we decided a return trip was a must. On July 17, 1953, we were finally able to make the trip, although it was a little late in the season for bird work. As the Reserve is just 100 miles from our front door, we arrived fairly early in the morning. I proceeded at once to get into the field and to work over the south part of the area, which contains the tiny marshes of just a fraction of an acre and are covered with just a few inches of water. The first hour was a sore disappointment, as all I could rouse from the marshes were several singing Short-billed Marsh Wrens and one female Marsh Hawk. I then moved on to the drier areas in the exact center of the quarter section, where I heard my first faint "flee-sic" song, as yet I didn't see the bird. Soon I heard the same song in another direction and then a third. I finally spotted a bird on a short weed stem about 2 feet from the ground and approached near enough to decide the bird was the long-sought Henslow's Sparrow. I now tried a different attack and walked slowly toward a second singing bird, all the while making a screeching sound. This proved effective and I finally worked up to within ten steps of the singing bird.

I passed through this area where the three Henslow's Sparrows were found and went on to work over the northwest corner, which the Meadowlarks seemed to prefer, as it is a bit more open. From here I proceeded to the southwest forty, where I disturbed numerous nesting Dickcissels and saw a family of Horned Larks, with the young in the streaked juvenal plumage. I then made another pass at the marsh areas in the southeast part and, finding nothing new, I headed for the car, as lunch was long over-due. As the temperature was now between 90 and 100, we couldn't think of a nicer place to picnic than on the cool shore of North Twin Lake. We drove down to the lake and it was a relief to sit in the shade and eat our sandwiches.

After finishing our lunch, we drove back to the Prairie, as I hadn't worked over the eastern part of the quarter section. I had hardly gotten over the fence when I kicked out a nesting Bobolink, and shortly afterward found three more Henslow's Sparrows. Further search revealed a Henslow's Sparrow with its beak full of green caterpillars. It dropped into the long grass, where I presume its young were hidden. We disturbed two more pairs of nesting Bobolinks, and in each case I noticed that the male birds were carrying green caterpillars, which at this date apparently form the staple food of these prairie birds. Northern Yellow-throats are common on the area, but we didn't find any Savannah Sparrows and heard only twice the song of the Grasshopper Sparrow. However, to our way of thinking, any area which harbors nesting Henslow's Sparrows is worth the purchase price and more.

As Kalsow Prairie consists of long-grass, native prairie, the presence of chiggers is only a matter of how quick they get on you. I wore rubber galoshes with dungarees tucked in tightly in order to wade in the few inches of water in the low area. This also proved effective chigger protection,

as I found only two bites on returning home. Not so with my partner, who wore rolled-up blue jeans. While I was working over the area, my wife was walking near the roadside watching a pair of Bobolinks going to their nest and looking at the showy orange milkweed, cone flowers and numerous other pretty prairie flowers. She was oblivious of the chiggers until the welts started to show and itching began; actual count showed nearly 50 big welts. Let the moral be if you visit this prairie reserve in chigger-time, use adequate leg covering and a good dusting of sulfur powder.—WM. YOUNG-WORTH, Sioux City, Iowa.

The Decrease of the Red-headed Woodpecker.—Twenty-five years ago, when the late Dr. T. C. Stephens of Morningside College and I used to make numerous summer trips over the state of Iowa and other mid-western states, I kept a log for Dr. Stephens in which we listed the numbers of birds of any given species seen during a day's drive. On many days we would log several hundred Red-headed Woodpeckers for the day; and people didn't drive nearly as far in one day as they do now. Today this is all changed. The roads are mostly paved or hard-surfaced. The cars move faster, but the flying speed of the birds has remained constant, with the result that those slower-flying ones are being rapidly killed.

I have been noticing the last few years that the Red-headed Woodpecker no longer comes to our cherry tree when the fruit is ripe, but I had not really noted the gravity of the situation until I made three trips during the week of July 13-18, 1953. On July 13, we made a 416-mile trip, all during daylight hours, to Waubonsie State Park, Lake of Three Fires, and other points. With two observers reporting, we saw only 21 live Red-headed Woodpeckers, and two dead ones killed by cars. Number 19 would have been killed, but we quickly moved our foot from the gas pedal and allowed the woodpecker to pick his insect off the paving and reach safety. Custodian Johnson of Waubonsie Park was wondering what had happened to the Red-headed Woodpeckers. He likes this bird, and said that in the three prior years he had not seen one in the park; this year they were also scarce.

On July 15, with three observers, we drove to Lake Okoboji, Fort Defiance State Park, Lost Island State Park, Storm Lake Park, and back to Sioux City, trying to cover representative country. On this trip we saw only nine live Red-headed Woodpeckers and three dead ones. On July 17, with two observers, we drove to the Kalsow Prairie Reserve, but deliberately drove 100 miles on back-county roads to determine population ratios; on this trip we counted 17 live Red-headed Woodpeckers and three dead ones.

Our conclusions were, that along paved highways this woodpecker is a doomed bird and will continue to decrease in numbers, eventually becoming rare. On the back-section roads, which are now mostly gravel and smooth enough to speed on, the Red-headed Woodpecker has some chance of survival; in fact, it is his only chance.—WM. YOUNG-WORTH, Sioux City, Iowa.

Summer Notes from Western Iowa.—We had not visited Waubonsie State Park, near Hamburg, for nearly seven years and were getting a yen to see the summer bird life of the area. On July 13, 1953, we got an early start and reached the park while the morning coolness was still in the air. We found the park deserted except for Custodian Johnson. The season was a little late for good bird work, and our fears were almost justified, as we were able to find only one Kentucky Warbler; but the presence of Summer Tanagers and a few other species made our trip a success. In following one male Summer Tanager around as he flew from tree to tree, we finally saw him fly to his nest. This nest was up about 40 feet in a black walnut tree. The male bird sat silently on the edge of the nest, and for fully five minutes

just looked in to the nest or poked it a little here and there. He seemed completely relaxed and not in a hurry about anything.

Blue-gray Gnatcatchers were seen several times about the picnic area. Farther down in the deeper woods we found several Acadian Flycatchers. It was in this spot that we found the lone Kentucky Warbler. Early in the season Kentucky Warblers are usually found near the picnic tables. The Tufted Titmouse is a rare bird at Sioux City, so we were quite pleased to find many at Waubonsie and watch them feed their young. Another bird we were pleased to see was a male Black and White Warbler in beautiful plumage. At this summer date, this warbler no doubt indicated a breeding bird.

While walking along the drive we noticed several birds in a large mulberry tree. We weren't prepared for what we found, for here was a whole family of Downy Woodpeckers busily pecking at the ripe mulberries and liberally smearing themselves with the deep purple juice. We always leave Waubonsie with regret and this time was no exception, for as we left the lookout point the wild song of the Yellow-breasted Chat came floating up to us from the deep canyon below, and overhead soared a Turkey Vulture at his leisure.

On leaving Waubonsie Park we saw our first Blue Grosbeak of the day out near the main highway. Later on we saw one near Riverton, and a third one near the little village of Siam. On the mud flats near Riverton we saw several Pectoral Sandpipers and numerous other smaller sandpipers, which were apparently early migrants from their northern summer homes. For bird work, we decided that the park area of Lake of Three Fires would be a disappointment to anyone. The area is heavily used, and is also overrun by dozens of Blue Jays. We didn't see how it would be possible for small birds to raise young in such a spot.

On a trip to Fort Defiance State Park on July 15, 1953, the only interesting bird records were Upland Plovers. One was seen near Carnes, Sioux County, three were seen just south of Sibley, Osceola County, and one bird was seen near Ocheyedan in the same county.—WM. YOUNGWORTH, Sioux City, Iowa.

RECENT BIRD BOOKS

A GUIDE TO BIRD FINDING WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI, by Olin Sewall Pettingill, Jr. (Oxford University Press, New York, 1953; cloth, 12mo, pp. i-xxiv+1-709, with 34 drawings by George Miksch Sutton; price, \$6).

The many hundreds of persons who have bought and used the Eastern volume of Dr. Pettingill's "Guide to Bird Finding" (1951) have awaited, a little impatiently, the appearance of the western counterpart of the valuation compilation.

The new book has 53 more pages than the "East" book, but is almost an identical twin in format and composition. It is fully up to the standard of its illustrious predecessor, and is destined to have a long life of usefulness.

The 22 states lying west of the Mississippi are treated in this volume. In the Minnesota and Washington chapters adjacent birding areas in Canada are described; likewise one Mexican area bordering California is mentioned. A chapter is devoted to each state, with an opening account of the physiographic regions of the state and descriptions of places where unusual ornithological features may be observed in various seasons of the year. Pertinent information to guide the bird student is found on nearly every page—where to go, what highway routes to follow, where the best birding may be expected, with lists of species that have been found there.

Western United States, with its large number of National Parks and Monuments, holds a great deal of attraction for the traveling bird student, who will find a surprising amount of thoroughness in the descriptions, consider-

ing the limited space available. One purpose of the book is to show where important bird concentrations such as breeding colonies or wintering flocks are to be found; an attempt is also made to point out the greatly diversified avifauna in the vicinity of large cities. The representative types of bird habitats such as ocean beaches, deserts and mountain tops are stressed. There is brief mention of museums, colleges, research stations, summer camps, and ornithological societies which are actively promoting bird work in the respective states.

The author states that 300 persons contributed information for the book—a cooperative undertaking of tremendous size. Dr. Pettingill's expert work in sifting data is very apparent, while his engaging, highly-descriptive style of writing makes the book enjoyable reading, one chapter after another, whether one expects to ever visit the western states or not.

Iowa readers will of course be most interested in the chapter on our home state—22 pages of description, with the Upland Plover used as a decoration for the first page of the chapter. The topographic features are briefly covered, and the spring flight of Blue and Snow Geese in western Iowa is highlighted as a main ornithological event. Lists of birds of farmlands, woodlands and marshes—71 in all—are given, while many other species are mentioned as occurring in different regions.

The following localities are treated separately: Algona (including Union Slough National Wildlife Refuge), Ames (including Iowa State College and Pammel Woods), Boone (including Ledges State Park), Cedar Falls (including Goose Lake), Cedar Rapids (including Cedar Lake, Swan Lake, Lake Macbride State Park, and Coe College), Cherokee (including Aurelia Farm Meadow), Council Bluffs (including Lake Manawa State Preserve), Davenport (including Credit Island Park and Davenport Public Museum), Des Moines (including Waterworks Impounding Reservoir and Margo Frankel Woods), Dubuque (including Eagle Point Park and Government Locks and Dam No. 11), Iowa City (including University of Iowa Museum), Lansing (including Upper Mississippi River Wildlife and Fish Refuge), Mt. Vernon (including Cornell College), Ottumwa (including Community Gardens, Hamilton Park, and Lake Wapello State Park), Sidney (including Waubonsie State Park and Forney Lake State Park), Sioux City (including Missouri River Bottoms, Browers Lake, Stone State Park; the statement that the Sioux City Bird Club has 600 members has not been verified), Spirit Lake (including West Okoboji Lake and Iowa Lakeside Laboratory).

These persons, most of them IOU members, contributed information for the Iowa section; Charles C. Ayres, Jr., Albert C. Berkowitz, Homer R. Dill, Dr. J. Harold Ennis, Dr. Martin L. Grant, Fred T. Hall, Dr. George Hendrickson, Henry Herrmann, James Hodges, Mr. and Mrs. Myrle L. Jones, the late Zell C. Lee, Thomas Morrissey, Dr. R. Allyn Moser, Mrs. Harold Peasley, Fred J. Pierce, Dr. and Mrs. F. L. R. Roberts, Milfred J. Smith, Dr. Charles A. Stewart, Bruce F. Stiles, Nestor L. Stiles, Dr. and Mrs. Robert F. Vane, William Youngworth.

Early in 1953 the reviewer was asked to read the galley proof of the Iowa section, and to check the complete bibliography found in the back of the book. He was asked for suggestions for improving this chapter, in response to which he pointed out to the author that the area in Allamakee-Clayton Counties known as the McGregor region had been omitted entirely. Inasmuch as this is one of the most important bird-study regions in the state, it was felt that this was a serious omission. The reviewer furnished references to published material so that this region could be written up in a brief time. Evidently it was too late for additions, the entire book having already been set up. So the McGregor region, famous in our ornithological history, does not have a place in the book.—F. J. P.

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(H) Bailey, Mrs. Mary L. Sioux City
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Mills, Wier R., Pierson

Palas, Arthur J., Postville
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Spiker, Chas. J., Branchport, N.Y.
Wendelburg, Mrs. Toni R., Des
Moines
Wolden, B. O., Estherville

MEMBERS

Allert, Oscar P., McGregor, 1929
Anderson, Miss Dorothy, Des
Moines, 1953
Anderson, Dr. Rudolph M., Ottawa,
Canada, 1942
Andre, Mrs. Floyd, Ames, 1950
Austin, Mrs. E. J., Charles City, 1942
Austin, Dr. O. L., Tuckahoe, N. Y.,
1931
(S) Ayres, Charles C., Jr., Ottumwa,
1941
Barlow, Mrs. John, Waterloo, 1942
Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. W. W., Sioux
City, 1951
Bartlett, Wesley H., Algona, '35
Bauder, Mrs. A., Decorah, 1951
Beals, Edward, Richmond, Ind. 1950
Becker, Mrs. Paul, Owatonna, Minn.,
1951
(J) Berkowitz, Miss Abby Lee,
Des Moines, 1953
(S) Berkowitz, Mr. and Mrs. Albert
C., Des Moines, 1943 and 1947
Bice, Mrs. Don C., Atlantic, '42
Binsfeld, Mrs. A. J., Des Moines, '47
Birdsall, E. R., Emerson, 1947
(S) Birkeland, Henry, Roland, 1933
Bixler, Mrs. Ingram, Cedar Rapids,
1944
Bliese, John C. W., Kearney, Nebr.,
1935
Bordner, Mrs. Robt. I., Shenandoah,
1929
Boyd, Mrs. Ivan L., Baldwin, Kans.,
1937
Brandt, Dr. Herbert, Cleveland,
Ohio, 1952
Breckenridge, Mrs. R. W., Ames,
1951

Brown, Mrs. Harold B., Grundy
Center, 1950
Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward H.,
Des Moines, 1947
Burk, Dr. Myrle M., Waterloo, 1949
Carl, Harry G., Davenport, 1948
Carson, L. B., Topeka, Kans., 1949
Carter, Dennis, Webster City, 1947
Cedar Falls Audubon Society, Ce-
dar Falls, 1952
(C) Cedar Rapids Bird Club, Cedar
Rapids, 1947
Chapman, Miss Ruth, Des Moines,
1953
Christensen, Dr. Everett D. and Dr.
Eunice M., Spencer, 1950
Clampitt, Philip, Des Moines, 1949
Connor, Mrs. Stephen, Sigourney '46
Copp, Miss C. Esther, Wheatland, '33
Crossley, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E., Far-
ley, 1948
Crouter, Miss Frances, Cedar Falls,
1944
Crowley, Miss Ann M., Minneapolis,
Minn., 1953
Curry, Mrs. N. H., Ames, 1951
Dales, Mrs. Marie, Spokane, Wash.,
1929
Daubendiek, Miss Bertha, Mt. Clem-
ens, Mich., 1951
(S) Daubendiek, C. H., Jefferson,
1951
Daum, Miss Wanda, Waterloo, 1947
Davis, Miss Verna, Cedar Falls, 1953
Day, Jacob P., Moravia, 1953
Decker, J. H., Iowa City, 1953
DeLong, Mrs. W. C., Lamoni, 1939
(S) Des Moines Audubon Society,
Des Moines, 1953

*Complete to November 1, 1953. Year of joining the Union follows the name of each member. All cities are within Iowa unless otherwise noted. The following key letters are used in the list:

(C)—Contributing Member.
(H)—Honorary Member.

(J)—Junior Member.
(S)—Supporting Member.

- Dickey, Miss Margaret, Cedar Rapids, 1946
 (J) Divoky, Robert E., Kansas City, Mo., 1950
 Dorweiler, Miss Margaret, Cedar Falls, 1945
 Dragoo, Lavina, Cedar Rapids, '29
 (S) Dubuque Audubon Club, Dubuque, 1933
 DuMont, Philip A., Washington, D.C., 1924
 (S) Dvorak, Joseph L., Chicago, Ill., 1947
 Edgar, Mrs. G. P., Burlington, 1939
 Edge, Mrs. C. N., New York, N.Y., '31
 Edwards, Harry M., Sioux City, 1951
 Ehlers, Mrs. John, Gladbrook, 1947
 Elgin, Bob, Chariton, 1951
 Elson, Mrs. Milo, Toddville, 1951,
 Ennis, Mrs. Edna M., Tama, 1944
 Ennis, Dr. J. Harold, Mt. Vernon, 1941
 Errington, Dr. Paul L., Ames, 1932
 Farquhar, Catharine, Atlantic, 1946
 Faulkner, Geo. O., Waterloo, 1931
 Fawks, Elton, East Moline, Ill., 1950
 (S) Feeney, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas J., Davenport, 1947
 Felton, W. R., Jr., Sioux City, 1951
 Field, H. P., Decorah, 1948
 Fitzsimmons, C. S., Sibley, 1945
 Flodin, Mrs. C. C., Cedar Rapids, '31
 Fox, Adrian C., Lincoln, Nebr., 1950
 Fritzsche, Carl R., Milwaukee, Wis., 1946
 Funk, Ruth F., Independence, '40
 Gaffin, Miss Myrtle, Cedar Falls, 1953
 Gibbs, Mrs. Ula, Farley, 1951
 Goodman, John D., Redlands, Calif., 1941
 Grant, Dr. Martin L., Cedar Falls, '37
 Greer, Rev. Edward C., Davenport, 1948
 Greer, Mrs. L. C., Iowa City, 1949
 Gruwell, Mrs. W. R., Dubuque, 1952
 Gutekunst, Angie, State Center, 1951
 Guthrie, Richard A., Woodward, '39
 Hallowell, Miss Loraine, Waterloo, 1932
 Hansman, Robt. H., Fort Madison, '48
 (J) Hartzell, Drew, Jr., Mt. Vernon, 1953
 (J) Hasek, Ondre, Cedar Rapids, 1952
 Hasek, Dr. V. O., Cedar Rapids, 1952
 Haskell, Mrs. Lester W., Des Moines, 1952
 Hathorn, Glen M., Center Point, 1934
 Hayes, Mrs. Henry C., Sidney, 1953
 Hayes, Warren, Waukon, 1952
 Hayette, Miss Verona, Cedar Rapids, 1943
 Hays, Russell M., Waterloo, 1947
 Hazard, Mrs. Albia F., Davenport, 1953
 Hazard, Norwood, Davenport, '47
 (S) Hendrickson, Dr. and Mrs. Geo. O., Ames, 1931 and 1944
 Henning, Mrs. Burt, Decorah, 1951
 Henning, Mrs. Tom, Decorah, '47
 Herdliska, Miss Margaret L., Fairfield, 1953
 Herrmann, Henry, Dubuque, 1945
 Heuer, Ralph, Davenport, 1940
 Heuser, E. P., Dubuque, 1940
 Hicks, Dr. Lawrence E., Columbus, Ohio, 1938
 Hilleman, Mrs. D. R., State Center, 1953
 Hodges, James, Davenport, 1944
 Hoskinson, Mrs. Helen, Clarinda, 1952
 Howard, Rev. Clark W., West Grove, 1953
 Hoyman, Miss Isabelle, Cedar Rapids, 1953
 Hoyt, Miss Elizabeth E., Ames, 1948
 Hubbard, Fred A., Waverly, 1953
 Jaques, H. E., Mt. Pleasant, 1947
 Johnson, Clifford O., Dubuque, 1951
 Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W., Ames, 1939 and 1927
 Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Myrle L., Estherville, 1931 and 1941
 Kalen, Wendell D., New Bern, N. Car., 1949
 Keck, Dr. Warren N., Naperville, Ill., 1936
 Keenan, Jim, Ogden, 1948
 (S) Kent, Fred W., Iowa City, 1950
 Kent, Tom, Iowa City, 1950
 King, Mrs. J. Ray, Grundy Center, 1933
 Kirkland, Mrs. L. J., Vinton, '53
 Knoop, Miss Pearl, Marble Rock, '37
 Kozicky, Dr. Edward L., Ames, 1949
 Kubichek, Wesley F., Alexandria, Va., 1941

- Lahr, Mrs. H. W., Storm Lake, '43
 Lambert, Mrs. Howard T., Sioux City, 1940
 Laude, Dr. and Mrs. Peter P., Iowa City, 1942 and 1947
 Lawlor, Mrs. Gene, Victor, 1948
 Lawson, Miss Faye, Fairfield, 1945
 Leaverton, Paul, Indianola, 1948
 Leonard, Dr. J. P., Davenport, 1953
 Lunk, William A., Ann Arbor, Mich., 1950
 Lynch, Mrs. A. C., Decorah, 1951
 Lynch, Mrs. Percy, Independence, 1945
 (S) MacMartin, Mrs. W. G., Tama, 1932
 Marcue, Miss Dorothy, Muscatine, 1952
 McCabe, Miss Olivia, Des Moines, '32
 (S) McCutcheon, James W., Mt. Vernon, 1946
 McDonald, Malcolm, Schenectady, N.Y., 1935
 Melcher, Rev. M. C., Lisbon, 1939
 (S) Meltvedt, Burton W., Paullina, 1931
 (S) Meyer, Dr. and Mrs. Alfred W., Cedar Rapids, 1942 and 1953
 Mildestein, Mrs. E. J., Storm Lake, 1951
 Miller, Miss Bertha A., Des Moines, 1953
 Miller, Dr. R. F., Baldwin, Kans. '49
 Millikin, Mrs. Forrest G., Sigourney, 1944
 Moore, Mr. and Mrs. John Paul, Newton, 1947 and 1949
 (S) Morrissey, Thos. J., Davenport, '40
 Mote, Mr. and Mrs. G. A., Marshalltown, 1929
 Musgrove, Jack W., Des Moines, 1938
 Myers, Mrs. Len, Waterloo, 1939
 Nice, Mrs. Margaret M., Chicago, Ill., 1952
 Nichols, Harvey L., Waterloo, 1929
 Nickolson, Bob, Sioux City, 1949
 Ollivier, Roy, Mt. Pleasant, 1943
 Osia, Miss Catherine, Humboldt, '46
 (J) Palas, Fritz R., Postville, 1949
 Parsons, Mrs. Robt. O. Dickens, 1942
 Partridge, Wayne F., Oskaloosa, 1949
 Peasley, Dr. and Mrs. Harold R., Des Moines, 1943 and 1934
 Peters, Ivan, Tucson, Ariz., 1950
 Petersen, Peter C., Jr., Davenport, 1952
 Petersen, Mrs. Peter, Davenport, 1950
 Petranek, Mr. and Mrs. E. J., Cedar Rapids, 1931
 Pettingill, Dr. Olin S., West Medford, Mass., 1937
 Pickering, Mrs. Lawrence J., Red Oak, 1946
 Pierce, Miss Leora, Waterloo, 1953
 Pierce, Robert A., Frankfort, Ky., 1941
 (J) Pike, Robert G., Coggon, 1947
 Pike, Walter E., Coggon, 1946
 Polder, Mr. and Mrs. Emmett, Dubuque, 1948
 Pregler, Mrs. Merrill, Dubuque, 1952
 Purdy, Miss Ruth, Cedar Rapids, '43
 Rader, Pearl, Waterloo, 1949
 Rector, Harry E., Vinton, 1942
 Reese, Miss Marguerite, Waterloo, 1952
 Ressler, Miss Mildred E., Spirit Lake, 1949
 Reynolds, Miss E. Estella, Des Moines, 1943
 Richards, Miss Rose, Cedar Rapids, 1947
 Roberts, Dr. F. L. R., Corona, Calif., 1924
 Roberts, Dr. Mary Price, Corona, Calif., 1926
 Robertson, Dr. C. W., Waterloo, 1947
 Root, Oscar M., North Andover, Mass., 1951
 Rosene, Walter, Jr., Gadsden, Ala., 1942
 Ross, Hollis T., Lewisburg, Pa., '40
 Ross, Mrs. L. C., Mt. Vernon, 1953
 (J) Royer, Lawrence, Dallas Center, 1953
 Ruegnitz, Mrs. R. S., Dubuque, 1942
 Ruhr, C. E., Nashville, Tenn., 1941
 Sage, Evan, Waterloo, 1942
 (H) Savage, David L., Mt. Pleasant, 1944
 Schaefer, Richard, Davenport, 1948
 Schmidt, Harry, Waterloo, 1952
 Schramm, Frank H., Burlington, '34
 Schuster, Miss Ival M., Dubuque, '41
 Schwanke, Mrs. Chas., Cedar Falls, 1948
 Scobey, Mrs. Bessie, Mt. Vernon, 1953

- Scott, Frederic R., Richmond, Va., 1950
 Scott, Dr. Thos. G., Urbana, Ill., 1937
 Serbousek, Miss Lillian, Cedar Rapids, 1931
 Shaub, Mrs. B. M., Northampton, Mass., 1949
 Shields, Mrs. David H., Grinnell, '46
 Shirk, Richard O., Oelwein, 1950
 Shuttleworth, Mrs. W. D., Sibley, 1945
 Sieh, Jim, Okoboji, 1951
 Smith, Miss Helen, Ames, 1951
 Smith, Miss Irene M., Des Moines, 1943
 Smith, Mrs. J. M., State Center, 1953
 Smith, Mrs. Rolland, Winthrop, 1952
 Soots, Mrs. C. U., Ottumwa, 1951
 Steffen, Earnest W., Cedar Rapids, 1942
 Stempel, Mr. and Mrs. M. E., Ottumwa, 1950
 Stewart, Dr. Chas. A., New Albin, '44
 Stewart, Paul A., Westerville, Ohio, 1943
 Stiles, Bruce F., West Des Moines, 1937
 Stoner, Mrs. Lillian C., Albany, N.Y., 1945
 Strickland, J. W., Jr., Mt. Vernon, 1945
 Swain, Mrs. E. L., Davenport, 1952
 Tarr, Miss Margherita, Ames, 1946
 Tay, Mrs. Warren, Cedar Falls, 1952
 Terlow, J. W., University Park, 1950
 Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. O. S., Rock Rapids, 1929
 Thornburg, Mrs. Ross J., Tucson, Ariz., 1937
 Thornton, Mrs. P. C., Storm Lake, 1951
 Tobin, John, Vinton, 1938
 Treichler, Mrs. Ruth, Ashland, Ore., 1950
 Tri-City Bird Club, Davenport, 1949
 Turnbull, Mrs. H. W., Diagonal, '44
 Upp, Mrs. Orville, Ottumwa, 1950
 Vane, Dr. and Mrs. Robt. F., Cedar Rapids, 1940 and 1946
 Van Orsdol, Wilma, Cedar Rapids, 1949
 Von Ohlen, Dr. Floyd W., Fairfield, 1950
 Walter, Miss Edra, Dubuque, 1952
 Walton, Mrs. Robert, Anamosa, 1953
 (C) Waterloo Audubon Society, Waterloo, 1953
 Watson, S. A., Oskaloosa, 1953
 Weaver, Miss Gertrude S., Sioux City, 1946
 Weber, Alois John, Keokuk, 1929
 Weston, Henry G., Jr., Grinnell, 1952
 Willcockson, Lynn, Des Moines, 1952
 Williams, Chester W., Wellesley, Mass., 1946
 Willis, Miss Myra G., Cedar Rapids, 1940
 Wistey, Mrs. Lloyd, South English, 1942
 Wolden, Mrs. B. O., Estherville, 1939
 Young, Miss Mary H., McAllen, Texas, 1940
 Youngworth, Wm. G., Sioux City, '26
 Zirkelbach, Randall, Maquoketa, 1953

LIBRARIES

- Carnegie-Stout Public Library, Dubuque, 1931
 Central Michigan College Library, Mt. Pleasant, Mich., 1952
 Curriculum Lab., Iowa State Teachers College, Cedar Falls, 1950
 Filial Biblioteki, Akademii Nauk, Moscow, U.S.S.R., 1953
 Iowa State Traveling Library, Des Moines, 1940
 Library, Iowa State Teachers College, Cedar Falls, 1939
 Library, U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., 1931
 McGill University Library, Montreal, Que., 1932
 Public Library, Cedar Rapids, 1931
 Public Library, Council Bluffs, 1931
 Public Library, Davenport, 1947
 Public Library, Marshalltown, 1946
 Public Library, Sioux City, 1931
 Science Museum Public Library, Minneapolis, Minn., 1952
 State College of Washington Library, Pullman, Wash., 1945
 University of Illinois Library, Urbana, Ill., 1942